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The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Publisher.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

BUCKING INTO SNOW.

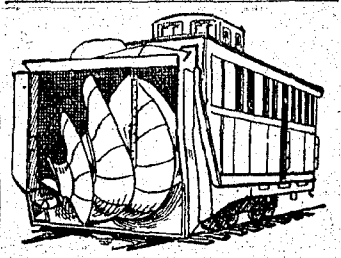
WHAT SEVERE WINTERS MEAN TO RAILROADS.

Thrilling Experiences of Trainmen on the Pacific—Improvements in Methods of Rotary Plovers Which Scatter Snow Like Chaff—How the Lines Are Kept Open.

Terrors of the Drifts.

Of all seasons of the year for railroad men winter is the worst. To train and engine men it means extra work and increased hardships; to the stockholder extra expenses and diminished dividends. It takes a much larger force to do a given amount of work in winter than it does in summer. The oil or "dope" freezes in the boxes on the cars, making the journals turn hard and re-

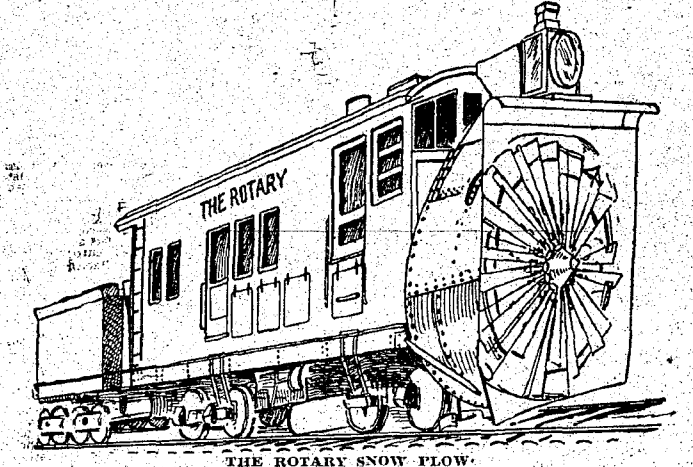
direction—that is, meeting the snow-bound train. It depends upon which way the train can be reached the most readily. When all trains are safe every body simply waits until the storm abates. Then comes snow-bucking. Railroads within 200 miles of Chicago,



CENTRIFUGAL SNOW EXCAVATOR.

according to the Tribune, have but little "snow-bucking" to do.

Old engineers on the Northwestern tell of times, when Chicago was some what warmer than now when they had as hard battles with the drifts as any road west of the Missouri. One tale is told of a passenger train that ran into a



THE ROTARY SNOW PLOW.

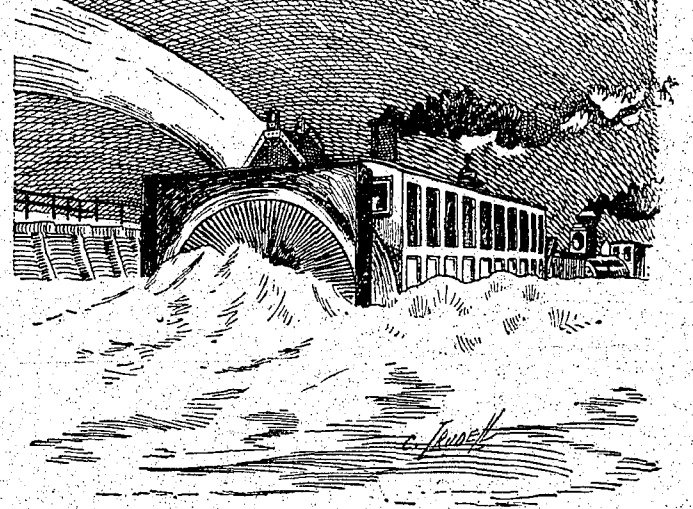
quiring much more power to haul them. The snow makes a "bad rail"—that is, it makes the rails so slippery that the adhesive power of the engine drivers is reduced so that much less than the usual number of cars can be hauled up a grade and trains cannot make time. Then the ground is frozen hard, the



LAST RESORT OF THE OLD WAY.

frosty rails are more likely to break under the weight of trains, and a broken rail may cost half a dozen lives.

The whole summer is devoted to preparations for winter. An extra force of men is employed in the shops in get-

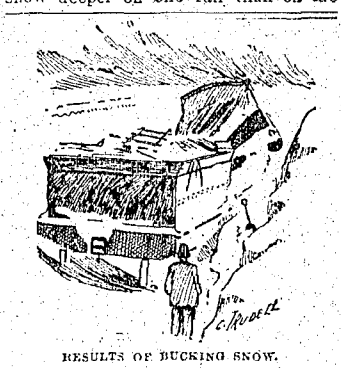


HOW THE ROTARY WORKS.

ting motive power and rolling stock in good condition for the struggle in frost and snow. Hundreds of men are busy with steam shovels, gravel trains, and pile-drivers, getting the roadbed in shape, and numerous bridge gangs look after bridges and culverts. When the ground is once frozen about all the trackmen can do is to patrol the track looking for broken rails and loose bolts, and shovel snow out of frogs and switches. When a joint sags in winter it cannot be leveled up with gravel tamped under the ties. It must be "sunk" by driving a wedge-shaped piece of hardwood board about eight inches wide which is driven between the rail and the tie until the joint is level with the rest of the road.

But it is with the first snow storm that the trouble begins. When word is passed to the dispatcher that a blizzard is raging along the line freight trains already on the road are ordered to "tie up" at coal and water stations, passenger trains at eating stations, and trains that have not left terminal stations are "abandoned," that is, ordered not to leave.

When a train out on the road during a blizzard leaves one station and fails to report at the next in due time the dispatcher does not need to be told that the train is stuck hard and fast in a drift somewhere between the two stations. Accordingly he orders out a snow-plow and a way-car or two to pick up sectionmen to shovel out that train. This relief train stops at each section-house on its way to pick up the "gangs," so that it soon has a good-sized force on board. The plow, or relief train, hurries to the last station the snow-bound train left; then proceeds under full control until the train is freed, and the snow-plow being familiar with the bad portions of the road, are able to make a pretty good guess as to where the lost train will be found. Upon reaching it the section men are ordered out to shovel the snow away from the wheels, the snow-plow couples on to the rear car and assists the engine hauling the train to back out of the drift. Then the snow plow is hauled back up to the station, so as to permit the train to sidetrack and let the plow take the lead to clear the track. Or perhaps the relief train may be sent from the opposite



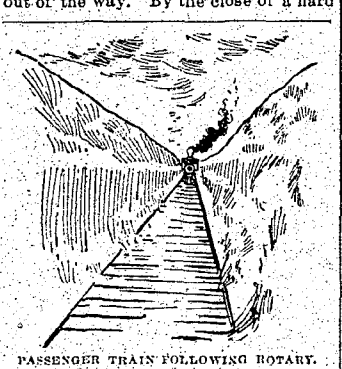
RESULTS OF BUCKING SNOW.

other. Sometimes the plow slides up on top of the frozen snow without throwing the engine in the ditch. Hardships, as well as danger, are connected with snow-bucking. When running fine snow sifts in through the crevices in the cab, and, falling on the boiler-head, melts, filling the cab with steam. The clothes of the engineer and fireman are soaked wet through, and they continue in that condition until their trip is finished. The cold air comes in through the same places that the snow does, so the men are not only wet but cold. The engineer is under a great and constant strain to keep his engine up to its maximum capacity and watching the road. The fireman has no easier time than the

engineer; for the coal soon gets so full of snow that only the most expert fireman can keep steam up to serviceable pressure. Sometimes an engineer and fireman are out from fifty-six to seventy-two hours on a snow-bound train. The men's rest and perhaps but two or three meals during that time.

As an example of what engine-men are sometimes called upon to endure, take the case of an engineer on the Northern Pacific, who was sent with a snow-plow west from Brainerd in the midst of a blizzard eight years ago to keep the road open. He was to be followed by other plows at intervals of a couple of hours. The officials hoped, in this way, to prevent a blockade. This engineer, after proceeding fifty miles, stuck in a drift. It was so stormy that he could not see the length of his engine. He had a big tank of coal, but the water was low, so he and the fireman took turns shoveling snow into the tank, where it was melted by the "heater"—that is a small pipe to convey steam from the boiler to the tank, to prevent the water freezing. The storm lasted fifty-six hours. All the men had to eat during that time was one small lunch. When the wind went down, they found they were near a farm-house. There they procured food until relief came twenty-four hours later. The engineer was the only one of thirteen caught out on the road in that storm who kept his engine "alive." Five engine-men were frozen to death.

If the snow is very deep the plow is followed by a "drag-out" and a gang of 200 or 300 shovellers. A "drag-out" is another engine to pull the plow engine out of a drift when it gets stuck. On coming to a deep cut the plow stops while the shovellers are brought up to "break" the snow. This is done by digging trenches across the track at a distance of 100 feet, more or less, so that the plow may not have a solid mass of snow to encounter. Then the plow-engine backs up for a mile and a half and makes a run for the cut. By the time it strikes the drift it is going sixty miles an hour. The shock is terrible. Often the plow bounces itself completely out of a full stop in the snow. The concussion throws a ton or so of coal from the tank forward upon the deck of the engine. Sometimes it breaks the machinery so as to disable the engine totally. The engineer would put it "all straight ahead" then the shovellers come up and dig the snow away, and if the engine is all right, the process is repeated until that cut is clear. It used to be a process of days to clear a division with push plows and shovellers. Each succeeding storm made matters worse, for the snow was simply pushed aside, not thrown out of the way. By the close of a hard



PASSENGER TRAIN FOLLOWING ROTARY.

winter a great portion of the line would be lined on either side by precipitous cliffs of snow. Sometimes these cliffs became so high that the only way fresh rails could be cleared away was by shoveling the snow upon flat cars and hauling it out to a place where it could be got rid of.

But methods of snow-bucking have improved with other branches of railway service. In 1886, J. S. Leslie, of Brooklyn, an employe of the Railway Mail Service, perfected a rotary plow which was designed to cut and throw snow from the track as nearly like the shovel in human hands as it is possible to utilize steam power. This first rotary plow made its trial trip on the Union Pacific Railroad in the winter of 1889 and 1890, making a record of 3,000 miles through snow that sometimes reached a depth of fifteen feet, at a cost of 164 cents a mile for operating both rotary and pusher. This was a marked improvement over the cost of the old methods of snow-bucking. The rotary has been improved since then until it is considered perfect. Now an entire division can be cleared of snow in a day without discomfort to the men who do the work. The plow simply starts from one end of the division and keeps going at the rate of twelve to twenty miles an hour until it reaches the other end, and through a drift it opens a roomy passage, throws the snow entirely out of the way, and "flanges" every foot of road. Flanging is cleaning out the snow between and below the level of the rails.

The rotary has been introduced on a large number of the important lines between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Thousands of miles of track have been cleared by it without the loss of a single life. It is claimed that the clearing of a single engine. Compared with the long lists of costly wrecks and numerous fatalities by the old methods of snow-bucking this is a noteworthy achievement. The rotary is also in use on the German and Russian Government lines.

Another plow built and operated on the same principle as the Leslie rotary snow plow is the Jull centrifugal snow excavator. Instead of a flat wheel made up of cone-shaped scoops as in the Leslie plow the Jull plow has a revolving wheel by means of a great auger with the point directed down. It is operated in precisely the same way as the other.

An Absent-Minded Man.
Johns Hopkins University still goes by Prof. Sylvester, the marvelous mathematician who came over from England to teach the science in which all his interests centered. His mind was ever occupied with mathematical problems, and all sorts of things happened to him on the streets of Baltimore. The most amusing episode of his life on this side, however, grew out of a voyage to Europe. While abroad he made some highly important calculations, but on reaching Baltimore he found that the paper on which he figured was missing. So important were the calculations that he took a steamer back to England in order to look up the papers. He did not find them, and started back to the United States deeply disappointed; but during the voyage he accidentally discovered, in a pocket of the overcoat he had worn on the previous voyage, the very thing he was in search of.

TRULY A DEPRAVED CAT.

He Killed Duckings and Used Dead Ducks to Divert Suspicion.

James Grogan, a Wortendyck, N. J., peddler, who is familiarly known as "Ginger" Grogan on account of the color of his hair and the heat of his temper, owns a yellow cat that, according to its owner's story, should either be deprived of its nine lives as a fitting retribution for its stupendous treachery or elevated to the loftiest pinnacle of honor and emolument as the reward of hitherto unheard-of feline sagacity.

"Ginger" says that some time ago his house was infested with rats that he not only attacked everything gnawable but established such familiar relations with the yellow cat that they often ran over her back with impunity. The peddler tried "rough on rats," which killed half a hundred of the pests, and drove the rest from the house to the barn. This was a doubtful victory, for the banished rats began to prey upon a brood of half-grown ducks that Grogan is raising. They would not touch any more of the "rough on rats," probably because they liked the flavor of the ducks better. Recently the cat took up her quarters in the barn, and remained there day and night. One morning last week Grogan, going to the barn, found the dead body of an immense rat, torn and bloody, with the cat growling over it. She had killed it, but had not breakfasted from it. Close to where the rodent had been slaughtered lay the bones and feathers of a duckling. Everything eatable about it had been consumed, and the cat apparently had pounced upon the rat just as he had finished his meal. This was a very praise-worthy thing for the yellow cat to do, but when she did it on eight successive mornings her owner's gratification was qualified by the loss of just that number of young ducks. He thought she ought to kill the rats more expeditiously, and he hid bait in the barn to ascertain why she was so slow in killing them. He says that he saw his cat kill a duckling, devour it, and then drag the bones to a position near a rat hole and wait patiently until the smell tempted a rat to come within reach of her claws. Then she slaughtered it, and sat by its body growling until her master saw her, hoping thus to direct suspicion, that might otherwise be leveled against herself, in the direction of the dead rat.

Learning Their Lesson.

Engine horses which are expected to rush from their stalls at an alarm of fire differ as much in their capability for learning that duty as school-boys at their tasks. Half a minute is the maximum time for companies in a first-class department to make ready and leave the house. And the ordinary time is fifteen or twenty seconds. At a night alarm the men slide down on poles from the left, the horses scramble to their feet, and doors in front of them fly open, and out they rush. Each horse goes to his proper place, and the driver, from his seat, let down the harness. Two or three men, standing by the pole, snap the collars together, fasten the reins to the bits, and off they go.

The author of "Road, Track, and Stable" says that teaching a new horse to come out of his stall at the signal, and range himself alongside the pole, is not so difficult as might be supposed. Imagine a pair of new horses assigned to an engine. The surroundings are more or less terrible to them, but they are very gently and carefully handled, and gradually lose their fear. Their tuition begins at once, and the driver is their teacher, assisted by the other men.

The ordinary signal is given as if for a fire. The stall doors open, and the horses are led out, put in motion, and in a few minutes led back. This process is perhaps a dozen times repeated. Great pains are taken that the animals shall not strike against anything, or be by any means frightened.

The unusual spectacle of a harness suspended in air is not to alarm them at first, but they are led slowly up to it, and induced to smell of it and inspect it on all sides.

After they have been led to their positions a few times, they are allowed to come of their own accord when the signal strikes, though a man stands behind them to touch them up a little, if they do not start promptly at the opening of the doors. Two weeks constitute the average period of instruction, but horses have been known to learn in one lesson. Others, however, are months in arriving at equal proficiency.

A pair of new horses in a Boston engine-house were led out three times in this manner. They were then left to themselves. The gong sounded, the stall doors opened, and the pair trotted out, each going to his place beside the pole. They had caught the idea at once.

Selecting a Title.

From first to last Dickens did his work conscientiously, and the selection of titles was a matter of grave anxiety to him, many being rejected before one was chosen. The familiar name of Chuzzlewit, Howard Paul tells us, went through a curious process of evolution. First it was Sweeney, then Sweeney, then Sweeney. None of these would do. The Sweeney then became Chuzzlewit, Chuzzlewit, Chuzzlewit, and finally Chuzzlewit. "Hard Times" nineteen or twenty titles were rejected. Here are some of them: "Heads and Tails," "Two and Two are Four," "Our Hard-Hearted Friend," "Rust and Dust," "A Mere Question of Figures," "Mr. Gradgrind's Facts," "Black and White," "David Copperfield" was especially troublesome. Even after he had fixed upon the hero's name it took him some time to arrange the exact form of the title. During a sojourn in Genoa Dickens was puzzling his brain to find a title for one of his Christmas tales, when the city bells rang out a peal of chimes. He was in a nervous, excited state, and the noise of the bells agitated him. But they gave him the title he was seeking, and he called the book "The Chimes." Another novel upon which he found it difficult to decide upon a name was "Bleak House." We might have known it under any of the fol-

lowing titles: "The Solitary House that was Always Shut Up," "The East Wind," "The Ruined Mill that Got Into Chancery and Never Got Out," "The Solitary House Where the Grasses Grew." No doubt Dickens invented some of the names of his characters, but many of the most remarkable were borrowed from signs that met his view in his journeys. I imagined that Chadband was a made name—it fits the character to whom the author applied it so exactly; but it was the name of either a baker or a grocer on the outskirts of the town of Warwick. Jull was the name of a confectioner; Pickwick that of a job-master at Bath. In later life the novelist collected and stored up names for future use, making use of such sources as directories and the small towns in railway guides.

To Clean and Preserve Harness.

But few people think of the economy of a little vigorous rubbing and oiling the harness. With moderate care a set can be made to last just twice as long as it ordinarily does. Yet there is a greater object in view than saving the wear and tear of the leather. It is a humane one. You can't make me believe that a man loves his horse, no matter if he expresses his devotion in the strongest terms, if he is too mean or too lazy to oil up the harness and soften it.

How hard the shoes on your feet get and painful and pinching when they become water-soaked and neglected for the want of some oil to soften them. It is exactly the same with the harness on the horse's back. Did you ever notice that he never wants it on when it is in a stiff and unwieldy condition? A harness should be thoroughly washed at least once a week with pure castile soap and a sponge, and then oiled with neatfoot oil in profuse quantities. Dubbin is also a good grease for the purpose, but neatfoot oil is the best.

After the application is made rub the leather dry, so as not to leave any grease spots on the surface, for if any are left the dirt collects and sticks fast. To complete the job the mountings should be rubbed up with some kind of polish. Put pomade is the best for the purpose. It comes in small boxes, costing about 5 or 10 cents each, and may be obtained from any dealer in turf goods. Harness should always be hung up by the hook in the saddle, the bridle suspended from a hook of its own and the lines tied nicely in the bit. Hang the harness and collar or breast-collar from a higher hook. When hung in this manner harness will never loop out of shape or get to looking awkward.

Always be particular with your reins and scrutinize them when cleaning for the purpose of detecting a flaw in the leather. The most distressing accidents have happened by the lines breaking when driving a frightened or uncontrollable horse, and a little previous attention will avoid the possibility of any such accident.

Riding saddles should be put on a rack not less than three feet above the floor, to prevent the rats from gnawing the padding and the destructive vermin from settling there. Considerable care should also be exercised in keeping the back of the saddle perfectly free from dirt or any lumpy settlement. Nothing is more painful to a horse's back, and skin disease often results. Buggy whips should be kept perpendicularly suspended from the cracker. This is the only way to keep them straight. Make a little slit in one of the beams above your head, just large enough to slip the end of the whip in, and you have your whip slit. Keeping the whip hung in this way also saves its lasting qualities. It is hardly necessary to say anything about how to keep robes, blankets, and rubbers clean and dry. Everybody knows that a horse's life is in jeopardy with wet covers as a man's is with wet clothes. They should always be thoroughly aired and dried when used and kept in a dry place.—Farm and Home.

When Two Was One.

A distinguished foreigner visiting our shores, on meeting an American author of some distinction, blandly asked him if he had ever written anything. Here was a stab to administer to a man's vanity! A woman would never have made a blunder of that sort; she would have found out all about the writer's books before she met him, and made some clever reference to them before she had been five minutes in his company. It is hard to imagine a situation from which a woman's tact will not extricate her. An amusing story is told in this connection by a well-known young American and his wife. I knew the latter quite well. In fact, she had been a seamstress for me, and the man she married was one of Philadelphia's Hundred and Fifty. She was clever, pretty, well educated, and an improvement in her fortunes enabled her to meet her husband in the regular way. He married her, but was not aware of the social position she had formerly occupied. I met them on the promenade and could hardly disguise my surprise; but her tact came to the rescue and saved us all from an awkward position. Here is what she said to me, even before I had a chance to catch my breath: "I am so glad to see you! We need no introduction. What a delightful time I had at your house in New York the last time you were so good as to entertain me! We would like to stay and talk with you, but have a pressing engagement, and with this my friend's pretty wife grasped her husband's arm and pulled him away. While the whole proceeding may be looked upon as one in which assuagement played its part, the wife displayed a tact that to me was charming. She was quite good enough for her husband, and knew it, but was afraid that in an unguarded moment I might say something that would give him an idea of the state affairs before she had the opportunity to enlighten him. That man will have a happy domestic life, for nowhere is tact more indispensable than in the home.

Half a Lifetime.

A man in Dakota was lately sentenced to prison for half a lifetime, and the Supreme Court has decided that the time means nineteen years seven months and four days.

A FIENDISHLY CRUEL RACE.

Frightful Practices of the Dahomeans, Whom France Subdued.

Shortly after the battle in which the French soldiers in Africa finally put the Dahomeans to rout a couple of reconnoitering Frenchmen, turn-



THE SENTRY OF DEATH.

ing down a by-path leading to the high road, suddenly saw the gleam of the barrel of a rifle. One of them hastily put up his carbine and was about to fire when his comrade's exclamation caused him to take a second glance at the object. What they saw was enough to make a toughened savage shudder. It was the sentry of death! A ghastly grinning skeleton, impaled on a sharpened pole, with its feet skewered, and with its gun fastened in hideous mockery to give the effect of a challenging out-post, greeted the sight of the horrified soldiers. From the make of the rifle it was easily surmised that this victim was one of the French prisoners that had fallen into King Behanzin's clutches.

A photograph taken in Dahomey and sent to the London Graphic illustrates a method of torture and execution of war prisoners that equals the Spanish Inquisition in cruelty.



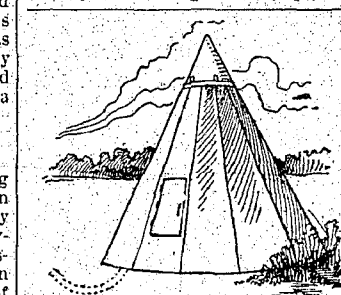
EXECUTION OF DAHOMEAN WAR PRISONERS.

The prisoners are hung head downward on a frame and left there to die, while vultures and buzzards are encouraged to hover around them and attack them.

CYCLONE HOUSES.

A Kansas Man Devises a Safe Scheme for His Neighbors.

A structure for use in countries where hurricanes and cyclones are liable to occur, and which will afford a secure temporary shelter during the heaviest storms, is shown in the accompanying illustration from the St. Louis Republic, and has been invented by a Kansas man. A number of posts are arranged in a circle and inclined to connect with each other at the top, forming a conical shell, the lower ends of the posts being firmly secured to horizontal anchor beams some distance below the surface of the ground. The framework is covered by a sheathing of heavy planks,



THE CYCLONE HOUSE.

the top layers of which are nailed one upon the other, and shaped to form a round top. The plank covering extends a short distance below the ground, and this covering is metal clad, making an earth connection for electrical currents, conducting wires also leading from the lower edge of the covering further down into the ground. A heavy door, also covered by sheet metal, allows access to the interior, which is suitably floored and is provided with a circular seat. In the top are a number of vertical ventilating pipes or tubes, and there is also an underground ventilating pipe, terminating in the outer air just outside the building, and affording an ample circulation of air within when the door is tightly closed.

Too Cunning.

A man and woman found themselves wedged in a crowd in one of the streets of New York, says the Herald. They had come out to see the parade—it may have been at the recent Columbus celebration—and as things were they could see nothing. The man had a bright idea.

"When I give the word, Julia, you scream and faint."

Julia waited. The signal came, and she fainted.

"Give me air," she gasped.

"Air!" cried the man.

The crowd parted, and the man and woman emerged at the front.

Just then, however, an ambulance dashed up. Some one had turned in a signal.

"You can't be too careful about these cholera cases," said the surgeon, with a wink. "I'd better take you both along for inspection."

And they did not see the parade.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Many Odd, Curious, and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day.

Sprinkles of Spice.

The condition of the sponge crop is of absorbing interest.—Troy Press.

The poker-player does not use visiting cards when he is calling.—Pleasure.

Nails should be sold at auction. They go well under the hammer.—Pleasure.

The winter girl has one satisfaction—It's a happy weather.—Philadelphia Record.

Sometimes a man is so deep that he is absolutely without foundation.—Galveston News.

Geologists say the cradle of the deep has nothing to do with making the bed rock.—Texas Siftings.

You realize that silence is golden when you come to settle for a case of Mumm.—Binghamton Leader.

Illustrious ancestry is a glorious thing to have, but it won't be taken as security for a hot stew.—Chester (Pa.) News.

One is sometimes surprised at having bought goods so cheap—until after the peddler is gone.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thompson—"Suppose a man should call you a liar, what would you do?" Jones (hesitatingly)—"What sized man?"—Tid-Bits.

The worst about the average crank is that while he inevitably turns up he objects to being turned down.—Philadelphia Times.

Bessie—He was very impudent. He put his arm around me twice. Jessie—Humph! He must have had a very long arm.—Puck.

A MAN never realizes how much furniture he owns until he tries to walk rapidly through the house in the dark.—Etoile Delge.

MR. YOUNGSHUBAND—"Darling, you have been weeping. What is it my sweetest love?" Mrs. Youngshusband—"Horse-radish!"—Tid-Bits.

STRANGER (to Pat, drinking apollinaris)—"How does it taste, Pat?" Pat—"Faith, it tastes like if my fat was asleep."—Harvard Lampoon.

YOUNG NUVED is having a hard time in his venture into matrimony. "How is that?" "Neither his wife nor his servant girl know how to cook."—New York Press.

HE—Do you love me, darling? She—Sometimes I think I do, and then again, when you have on that hideous baggy new overcoat, I doubt the strength of my affection.—Tid-Bits.

LITTLE JOHNNY—May I hitch the dog to my sled and have him pull me? Mother—I'm afraid he will bite you. Little Johnny—It's the other end I'm going to hitch.—Good News.

A GENTLE HINT.—Mr. Short—Eh! Beg pardon, Miss Vossale, but—eh— isn't that mischievous that you have in your hair? Miss Vossale—Yes, Mr. Short, it is. What of it?—Harper's Bazar.

"Why did you arrest this man?" asked the judge, sternly. "For practice," returned the policeman. "I'm new on the force, and I wanted to learn how, your honor."—Harper's Bazar.

GENT—I should like to have my photo taken, but I want it to be nice-looking. Photographer—Never fear, sir, it shall be so handsome that you won't know it yourself.—Der Schalk.

FIRST CLOTHIER—You're a fool to call that suit the Rip Van Winkle. Second Clothier—What would you call it? First Clothier—The never Rip Van Winkle, man!—The Clothiers' Weekly.

MISS PORTER—Did you notice the blank look of that gentleman who sat down on his silk hat? Mr. Murray—No; but I'm glad you didn't hear the blank words he used.—Princeton Tiger.

A CHANCE TO RISE.—Butcher—I need a boy about your size and will give you \$3 a week. Applicant—Will I have a chance to rise? "Yes; I want you to be here at 4 o'clock every morning."—Life.

Mrs. TIMOTHY SEED—"Where's Lizzie?" Miss Gaskett—"I just left her in the arms of Morpheus." Mrs. Timothy Seed (scandalized)—What! And she engaged to Joe Pender! Show me where she is this minute!

DOMESTIC PEACE ASSURED.—Wife—"And so you got your life insured for my benefit! That's lovely!" Husband—"Yes, my dear; but, just remember, if you drive me to suicide you won't get a cent."—New York Weekly.

Mrs. HICKS—Why, Mrs. Dix, how pale you look. Mrs. Dix—Yes, I've been having lots of trouble lately with a boil. Mrs. Hicks—I'm so sorry. Was it on your neck? Mrs. Dix—No; it was on my husband.—Somerville Great.

SALESMAN (great store)—This coat fits your little girl nicely. Lady (thinking of next season)—Yes, it does now, but I think we'd better take a size larger. Little Girl—Oh, yes, I forget. We have to wait for our change.—Good news.

"I DON'T know what has come over our son since he went to work in a shoe store," said Mrs. Blaggins. "He was looking at the calendar, and he spoke of the figure 6 as 3, and 4 as 2." His mind must be going wrong. "Oh," replied her husband, "that's all right. They have put him to work selling shoes to the lady customers."—Washington Star.

LOUISIANA'S Rice Crop.

A Louisiana man says that the rice crop of that State this year will be fully one-half of the entire crop of the United States. "The raising of rice," he says, "has worked wonders for the interest of our State. It has practically opened up a new industry in the agricultural line, and hundreds of farmers who thought their lands valueless when the cotton gave out now find themselves in a position that will soon place them in one year where cotton could not put them in five. It is really the most lucrative of all the new industries in the South."

GROVER TAKES HIS SEAT.

Imposing Ceremonies in the Capital City.

WITH POMP AND ECLAT

THE NEW ADMINISTRATION IS USHERED IN.

Cleveland and Stevenson Placed at the Head of the Nation Amid Great Democratic Enthusiasm—Nearly Half a Million Visitors in Washington—Chief Justice Fuller, Associate Justices, and the President-elect, Cleveland, and the Vice President-elect, Stevenson, in the Inauguration Procession—The Inauguration Ball—Gen. Harrison's Welcome Home.

Democracy's Great Day.

GROVER CLEVELAND has for the second time been inaugurated President of the United States, and the ceremonies attending his re-accession to the office were noted for more than usual pomp and splendor. These inauguration affairs are pretty big things, and this second inauguration of Mr. Cleveland was a little the biggest thing of the sort ever seen in this country, and that means, of course, the biggest affair of the kind ever seen anywhere, for no other city than Washington, can boast among its attractions a quadrennial coronation by an outpouring of the masses and an outcropping of intense partisan joy.

Most countries have to be satisfied with coronations, at rare intervals or presidencies assumed by proclamation, sans ceremony, and the United States is the only country in the world that can be depended on for regular inaugurations every four years, conducted with a pomp and eclat befitting party triumphs. While every inauguration has been conducted with appropriate display, naturally great enthusiasm is called out when the victorious party has been out of power during the closing administration. It required months for the people of Washington to prepare for the event, even accustomed as they are to arrange such ceremonies.

The capital city for this occasion was decked out as it never had been decked out before. The decorations were superbly brilliant. All preparations for the event were on a great scale, and the strangers who availed themselves of the accommodations provided were estimated at over 200,000. More would have attended had the railroads been more liberal.

These great inaugurations have three principal, popular features. One is the grand parade from the Capitol down the avenue past the Treasury and the White House. This occurs in the afternoon. A second popular feature is the fireworks and illuminations in the evening, and the third is the inaugural ball. These are the features in which the great crowds of visitors are interested. The inauguration itself is not much to them, because so few are able to see the new President and Vice President take the oath of office. Only 1,700 people can be crowded into the Senate Chamber, where Vice President Stevenson was sworn in, and after the Diplomatic Corps, the House of Representatives, the Supreme Court, the Army and Navy, the press, and families of high officials, and a few favored or influential persons have been accommodated. The inauguration itself is not much to them, because so few are able to see the new President and Vice President take the oath of office.

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ON THE WAY TO THE CAPITOL.

pulling and hauling and scheming and cajoling that there will be for the officers which Grover will have to give out. But the public could see the new President read his inaugural address. Two or three thousand were able to hear him, and 40,000 or 50,000 were able to look on, and those with sharp vision could see his lips move.

A large proportion of the organizations that were to take the parade arrived the day and night before, and made a gay night of it. All the morning new marching clubs were arriving, and all the side streets were filled with Democratic societies prepared to shout their threats against Cleveland and Stevenson. Meantime the committee and their aids were flying around, while marching bands sounded the first notes of the coming carnival. At the Arlington Hotel President-elect Cleveland was an early riser, and as soon as breakfast was over he way he and party found Senator Ransom and one of the Republican members of the Senate committee on arrangements waiting with carriages to conduct them to the White House. There the President-elect and his party. About the same time Vice President-elect Stevenson arrived from the Ebbitt House, where he was quartered with his party. He was escorted by the third member of the Senate committee on arrangements.

During the morning the members of the cabinet visited the White House, and for the last time had short conferences with the President in their capacity as cabinet officers before he descended to the blue room to greet the incoming President and party. The house was filled with tributes in the shape of floral pieces, sent from all parts of the country.

Drive to the Capitol. Shortly before 11 o'clock the president and President-elect entered the carriage to drive to the Capitol. They were seated in an open landau, drawn by four black horses wearing white harness. The President occupied the right-hand seat, with the President-elect on his left, while facing them, with their backs to the horses, rode the dig-

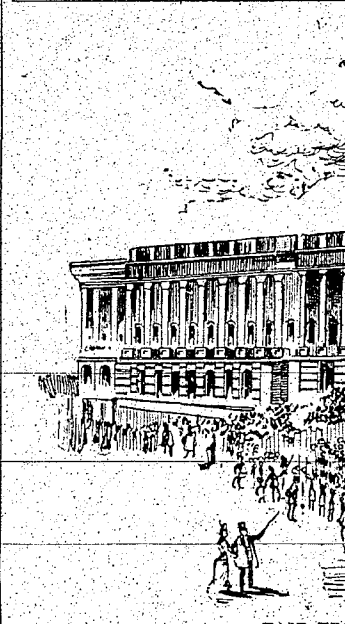
nified Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, who was a member of the committee before at Mr. Cleveland's inauguration, with another Senator on his left. Behind them was another open landau, in which rode Vice President-elect Stevenson with a third member of the inauguration committee. This coach was drawn by four white horses with black harness.



THE PRESIDENT AND THE VICE PRESIDENT.

The march up Pennsylvania avenue took about half an hour, during which the crowds from one end of the line to the other rent the air with cheers upon cheers. When the procession reached the Peace Monument at the rear of the Capitol, the Chief of the Capitol police force, with his men, cleared the way to the Senate approach at the east, while the procession wound its way through the south portion of the beautiful grounds, up by the House and along the east front of the Capitol to the Senate, where the President and President-elect left their carriages, and, each leaning on the arm of a member of the Senate escort committee, disappeared within the Capitol.

Meanwhile in the Senate chamber the scene had been converted into an example setting for the historic scene which was to take place. The most distinguished men and women in this country had gathered in the Senate for the first acts in the inauguration. The Senators themselves were seated on the right of



EAST FRONT OF THE CAPITOL ON INAUGURATION DAY.

the Senate, with the Democratic side left clear for the distinguished people who were to adorn the occasion. Then came the arrival of the diplomatic corps, which was one of the very interesting features, as every diplomat who had a uniform or national costume wore it. Many ladies of the legations occupied the diplomatic galleries also. The next to arrive were the Justices of the Supreme Court and then came the families of the incoming President and Vice President. Then after a moment of waiting, the President of the United States was announced and entered, leaning on the arm of the Senator who had been attending him all the morning. He sat just in front of the Vice President's desk, and at once the President-elect appeared through the large swinging doors and took his seat beside Mr. Harrison.

Inaugural Ceremony. Mr. Stevenson's great moment had now come, and all eyes were turned to him as he walked up the aisle to the right to take a position on the right of the desk, of which, in another five minutes, he was to become the lawful incumbent for the ensuing four years. Then Mr. Morton said: "The Chair has the pleasure of announcing that the Vice President of the United States is in the Senate, and if agreeable to him, I will now administer to him the oath of office." It was, of course, agreeable to Mr. Stevenson. Gentlemen in the position which he occupied were never known to object, and the presiding officer, with due solemnity, continued: "You do solemnly swear that you will support the Constitution of the United States against all enemies foreign and domestic; that you will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that you take this obligation freely and without mental reservation or evasion, and that you will faithfully

discharge the duties of the office which you are about to enter, so help you God."

Now comes another of the momentous instants. The President-elect is about to be inaugurated.

The inaugural party left the Senate chamber to go to the great inaugural platform at the order of precedence adopted by the Senate many years ago. Not until the people on the floor of the chamber had been ushered out was anyone permitted to leave the galleries. The press representatives were the next to go, and then followed the crowd of spectators. The order in which the

party left the Senate Chamber was as follows: The Marshal of the District of Columbia and the Marshal of the District of Columbia. The Chief Justice and Associate Justices. The Sergeant-at-Arms of the Senate. The Senate Committee on Arrangements. The Vice President and the Secretary of the Senate. The members of the Senate, two by two. The members of the Diplomatic Corps.

The inaugural ball was a great affair. The enormous hall in the Pension Building will accommodate about 15,000 persons, but the number of tickets sold to the ball this year was limited to 12,000 at \$5 per ticket. There were one hundred musicians in the main orchestra and sixty in the promenade orchestra. The floor manager had 600 assistants, to each of whom was assigned a section of the hall. They were all in communication with their chief by electric wire. Every one pressed and button when the note in his part of the hall was filed, and when all had signaled, the floor manager started the music. The President and Vice President, accompanied by the Presidential party, arrived shortly after nine o'clock, and were received in a manner in keeping with the occasion. There was such an enormous crush that dancing was almost as vigorous an exercise as playing foot-ball, but all had a good time. It was determined that this Cleveland inaugural ball should be remembered for years as the great floral ball. The upholstery has always had most to do with making the Pension Office a beautiful ball-room, but this year the great dependence was placed on the florist, in recognition of Mrs. Cleveland's fondness for flowers. It was a perfect dream of floral art. The orchids were stationed under two great arches built at the north and south entrance to the building. They were sixty feet high and thirty feet wide at the base. On one in incandescent lights was inscribed "Cleveland" and on the other

Stevenson." Plaques of ivy sprayed with roses and other flowers were displayed on a field of pure white cloth. With the plaques were displayed artistic arrangements of flowers of every conceivable variety and hue. Embellished on escutcheons was the coat of arms of the United States, and of every State in the Union. Surmounting the arches were immense tropical plants, white on the corners of the facade were flags of all nations. The green and white style of decoration prevailed on the balconies, but there are eight immense columns in the center of the hall, each twenty-six feet in circumference and ninety feet in height, upon which the skill of the florist was exerted with a view to making these most imposing displays of the florist's art. The great feature of the ball was the reception held for a short time by the President and Vice President. The

order to march, and in front of the grand old Capitol they made a spectacle that was going hundreds of miles to see, and one that was well calculated to stir the heart of him who was about to assume the duties of the highest office in the gift of the American people. With the reverberating cheers from all of these, added to those coming from the immediate vicinity of the great platform, the demonstration was so prolonged that it was some time before Mr. Cleveland could begin his inaugural address which he then delivered. When it was finished, and renewed cheers, which seemed to grow more excited each time, Mr. Cleveland turned to the Chief Justice of his own creation, and said: "I am now prepared to take the oath prescribed by law."

The scene that followed greeted the multitude into stillness. It was the scene for the right of which many a man in the crowd had fought. It is the crowning scene in the life of any American citizen, and no doubt the significance of the event was not lost on the woman there. There was the true illustration of the great American rallying cry: "Of the people, for the people, and by the people."

As the President stood there and looked out on the people he was to govern, he saw representatives of every branch that makes this great nation. People of every degree and condition, and for the peace and prosperity of all these, and many more, he is responsible. There were brilliant uniforms, and up the street was a detachment of artillery whose cannons thundered forth as he bent to kiss the Bible and for the second time bound himself to be the father of the nation. Then the crowd on the platform and the crowd below broke into a shout of the same oath. The people crowded about the newly made President, and it was with difficulty that he escaped their congratulations and reached the shelter of the Capitol, where he prepared to join the procession already forming.

The Great Parade. Now came the great military demonstration of the day. During the forenoon the military companies at their convenience marched to the place beyond the eastern front of the Capitol, and were there assigned to their various positions in line. They were drawn up in front of the vast throng, and the civil societies were also assigned places there. As soon as the oath was administered Mr. Cleveland was escorted to his carriage and took his place in the line. The procession then started, returning to the White House by way of Pennsylvania avenue. Mr. Cleveland and those whom he had invited then from a reviewing stand which had been erected in front of the White House honored the military and civil organizations by saluting and being saluted. Fourteen Governors, accompanied by their staffs, participated in the parade, and marched at the head of the troops and political clubs from their respective States. The Governors wore the black clothes of the civilian, but the members of their staffs were in full uniform. Including them there were nearly 50,000 men in line.

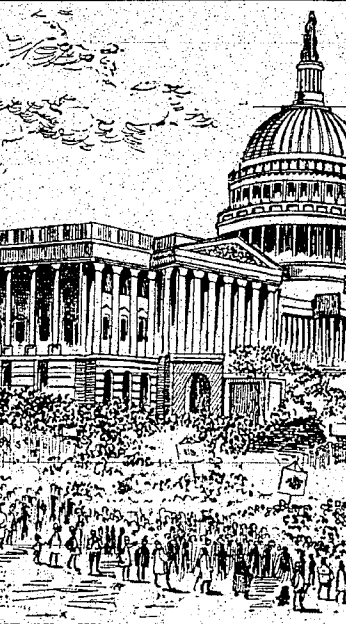
Fireworks at Night. Shortly after sunset occurred one of the most dazzling and extensive illuminations ever attempted. It was nothing less than a simultaneous lighting of that great thoroughfare, Pennsylvania

avenue, from the Capitol to Washington Circle, a distance of two miles, by means of eighty mammoth chemical illuminators, each containing fifteen pounds of composition. This illumination continued half an hour. Meanwhile the Treasury building was specially lighted up with two huge revolving suns.

These were only a part of the fireworks, which cost nearly \$5,000. The devices and set pieces were: 1. Equestrian statue of Washington, copied from the statue in the Pennsylvania Circle. 2. Equestrian statue of Jackson, copied from the statue in Lafayette Park, opposite the White House. 3. Allegorical figure of Columbia. 4. Pictures of President Harrison and Vice President Morton. 5. Pictures of President Cleveland and Vice President Stevenson, surrounded by the sentence "Public office is a public trust." 6. The national colors, surmounted by the words "Good night."

Ball and Banquet.

The inaugural ball was a great affair. The enormous hall in the Pension Building will accommodate about 15,000 persons, but the number of tickets sold to the ball this year was limited to 12,000 at \$5 per ticket. There were one hundred musicians in the main orchestra and sixty in the promenade orchestra. The floor manager had 600 assistants, to each of whom was assigned a section of the hall. They were all in communication with their chief by electric wire. Every one pressed and button when the note in his part of the hall was filed, and when all had signaled, the floor manager started the music. The President and Vice President, accompanied by the Presidential party, arrived shortly after nine o'clock, and were received in a manner in keeping with the occasion. There was such an enormous crush that dancing was almost as vigorous an exercise as playing foot-ball, but all had a good time. It was determined that this Cleveland inaugural ball should be remembered for years as the great floral ball. The upholstery has always had most to do with making the Pension Office a beautiful ball-room, but this year the great dependence was placed on the florist, in recognition of Mrs. Cleveland's fondness for flowers. It was a perfect dream of floral art. The orchids were stationed under two great arches built at the north and south entrance to the building. They were sixty feet high and thirty feet wide at the base. On one in incandescent lights was inscribed "Cleveland" and on the other



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Trees and Mountains.

All readers of Prescott's histories must remember with pleasure his glowing description of the successive zones of vegetation that are encountered in passing from the sea coast to the central highlands of Mexico, and of the astonishment of Cortez's soldiers when they looked down from the cold mountain slopes into the flowered valleys below. This ranging of vegetable life around mountains recalls the circles of animal life, varying in species with the depth of water that surround the islands of tropical seas.

It is interesting to observe that heights various kinds of trees and plants attain. Of course these heights vary with the latitude and the prevailing conditions of climate. But even in the equatorial regions there are many mountains, like Keila and Kilimanjaro in Africa, or Chimborazo in South America, that rise far into the region of perpetual snow, where vegetation practically ceases to exist.

There is not much definite information in the pages of travelers' books concerning the elevation which particular varieties of plant life attain, and what there is is proportionately the more valuable.

The results reached by Doctor Hettner in his explorations of the Cordillera of Bogota, which form a part of the Andean mountain system in Colombia, have recently been published, and among these are some interesting statements about the tree zones on those mountains.

It appears that their slopes are covered with a primeval forest in which palms attain an elevation above the sea level of about thirty-three hundred feet. Evergreen oaks begin to appear at about fifty-five hundred feet, several hundred feet higher than the summit of Mount Lafayette in the White Mountains, and are found up to the limit of the continuous forest, which is at about ten thousand feet.

The valuable cinchona trees, from which quinine bark is obtained, show considerable hardiness, their range of elevation on the mountain slopes running from forty-nine hundred to ninety-five hundred feet.

It is an interesting fact that another tree, which furnishes a most valuable product for the use of man, the camphor tree, is found in Japan on the slopes of mountains, and like the cinchona, exhibits much hardiness and ability to adapt itself to climatic conditions. The camphor tree, in fact, flourishes in the lowlands as well as on the mountains, and often attains a gigantic size, the trunks being sometimes as much as twenty feet in diameter.

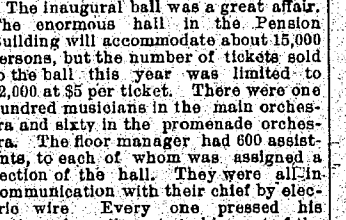
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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lessons—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

Esther He-nore the King. The lesson for Sunday, March 12, may be found in Esther 4:10-17; 5:1-13. INTRODUCTORY.

Get at the inner meaning of this book of Esther. The entrance of thy words, David says, "gloweth light." We have gotten a new intimation from this Scripture. It refers to more than the dropping of a Bible verse into the mind. The original is the entering into or opening of thy words. It is not so much the word entering into us as entering into the mind. This we do through study and meditation and prayer, led always by the Holy Spirit, who opens Scripture doors for us as he guides us into all truth. The truth here taught is that of a provision. The name of Jehovah is not once mentioned. It does not need to be; it is written in large letters throughout the whole.

POINTS IN THE LESSON. Esther means star. A star of hope she was for helpless, hapless Israel at this time.

Do not forget Hatach, the messenger. In this transaction, he played a very important part, the "go-between." What else is the Sunday-school teacher, the Christian worker? He carries messages back and forth between death and life, between the hovel and the throne.

Mordecai stands here in the attitude of the priest of the people. In typology both he and Esther speak for Christ, and the one supplements the other. In the providence of God there has been raised up a friend at court and also a judge or deliverer among the people. These two together are required to represent to us that theanthropic nature. The God-man, who wrought for us the great salvation.

